*Enter* Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

*Cap.* And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods ſo long,
But now my Lord what ſay you to my ſuite?
*Cap.* But ſaying o're what I have ſaid before:
My childe is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
*Paris.* Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
*Cap.* And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part:
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old-accuſtomed feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more (moſt welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore houſe looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe luſty young men feele,
When well appareld *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,





My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*

*Ser.* Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his Laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to finde thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

*Enter* Benvolio *and* Romeo.

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will dye.
*Rom.* Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
*Ben.* For what I pray thee?
*Rom.* For your broken ſhin.
*Ben.* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
*Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you reade?
*Rom.* I, mine owne fortune in my miſery.
*Ser.* Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
*Rom.* I, if I know the letters and the language.
*Ser.* Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt ye merry.
*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *and his wife & daughters; County* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters; the Lady widdow of* Utruvio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lovely Neeces;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my faire Niece* Roſaline, Livia; *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?



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